

HOLIDAY-TIME STORIES

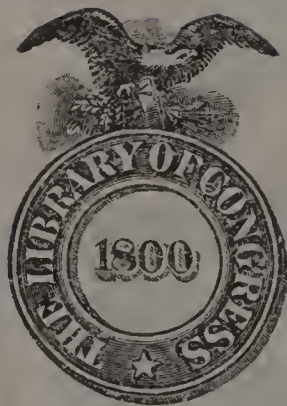
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HOLIDAY-TIME STORIES





HOLIDAY-TIME STORIES

By Edna Groff Deihl
Author of "Runaway Goat",
"The Magic Lake", "The Black Hen"



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Genevieve Fusch Samsel

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Edna Groff Deihl's
Other Books

MOTHER BROWN EARTH'S CHILDREN
THE MAGIC LAKE
MR. BLUE PEACOCK
THE BLACK HEN

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LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR

My dear Little Friends:

Here is another book of stories for you! I hope you will like this book very, very much, and will read the stories in it often. You will like to tell them to the other children on the holidays, or on special days at school or at church.

The grown-up people who tell stories to their little friends will be glad to have these new holiday stories, too! A few of them are in other collections, but most of them are new—written, especially for Y-O-U.

Edna Groff Deihl



HOLIDAY-TIME STORIES



THE THREE BOOKS *A STORY FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

“We are the greatest Books of Bookland!”
said three old tattered books, one day, as they
huddled in a hidden corner of Library-town.

“The very greatest! The very greatest!”

All the other books laughed at these worn-
looking books! Some of them knew they
were popular, some were of foreign descent.

some dated back to the Revolution, some were great detective stories, some were beautiful stories of children, and some were so full of poetry and song that they could make men laugh or cry.

Yet, in the face of all this, the three worn books kept on saying "We are the three greatest books in Library-town!"

Some of the Book folk knew why the three Books were so proud, and the ones who knew, even though they were Encyclopedias or Dictionaries, bowed to them.

"We are willing to grant that the Bible is among the very greatest," said the other books, "But why must we say the same of Aesop's Fables, and Pilgrim's Progress? This we cannot understand. It seems so

strange that those books are quiet and peaceful until February comes around. All the rest of the year we do not hear a word from them, but in February they band together and say 'We are the three comrades. We are the greatest books in Bookland!'"

After all, it was an American History Book who explained the whole thing to the books in Library-town. Early one February morning he said to all the books, "If you want me to, I will tell you why these three books are so proud."

All the books were very quiet, and listened to American History Book as he told them this story.

"In a poor little cabin, on the banks of a small stream in Kentucky, Thomas and

Nancy Lincoln lived. One Sunday morning in February a baby boy came to live with them. They named him Abraham. Thomas Lincoln could neither read nor write, but Nancy Lincoln was better educated. She was a fine woman, and although she was very busy, she taught little Abraham and his sister how to read and write.

“In all his life Abraham Lincoln only went to school one year, for he worked very hard. He had to walk eight miles to school, and often had nothing but corn bread to eat for his lunch. He was very fond of reading but he had only three books, the Bible, Aesop’s Fables, and Pilgrim’s Progress. These three books he knew by heart.”

“He knew us by heart!” said the Three



She taught little Abraham and his sister how to read

Books, "And he became the most beloved president of our great land."

The old calendar on the wall proudly showed the red figures "12" on its February page.

The American History Book went on—

"Now you see why our three book friends call themselves the three greatest books."

The three proud books drew closer together, murmuring, "We are the three greatest books!"

And this time all the other books of Library-town agreed.

"Let's give them our best wishes," they said, "For today is the birthday of their great reader."



THE KITCHEN-TOWN VALENTINE
A STORY FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

It was just getting-up-time in Kitchen-town. All the Knives and Forks and Spoons and Egg-beaters were awaking themselves and preparing for their duties.

The dishes and the pots and pans were eager for their morning bath.

All these folk lived in Cupboard Street, but there was excitement in another part of Kitchentown, too. The Stove family was

warming up, and the Spigot twins were chattering together. Mother Sink alone was keeping quiet, because she always had so much to do that she had no time to spare with many of the things that interested the others.

“Do you know what day this is?” asked Curvey Spoon.

“Sunday, you simple fellow,” answered Pealey Knife. “Sunday, of course. I know my days as well as you do. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—” Pealey stopped, quite out of breath.

“Oh, I don’t mean that,” said Curvey Spoon. “This is a very special day. It is Saint Valentine’s day.”

“Saint Valentine’s day? What is that?” asked Pealey Knife.

“Why, that’s the day you send a pretty present, or a card, or flowers, or candy, or anything you like, to the one you love best.”

Pealey Knife blushed. Everyone in Kitchentown knew that he was fond of Prongey Fork. Why, every time he had a chance he would stay close beside her at the dinner table.

“Why don’t you send a valentine to your love?” gleefully said the little Spoon Children. “We’ll take it to her, if you will write it.”

“I don’t know what to send,” said Pealey. “I never made a valentine in my life, and I couldn’t make up a verse if I tried. Some-

how or other, whenever I try to do or say something nice, I seem to cut someone. People say I am so cutting. Even Prongey says so. I am sure I don't mean to be."

"I'll help you," said the Egg-beater. "I'll help you make a valentine for Prongey."

Such a time as there was in Cupboard Street that Valentine morning! First Mrs. Bowl and the Spoons and the Egg-beater were in a group together. Then they called in old Mrs. Flour Bucket, and a few Eggs, who lived in Pantry Street, and a cup of milk from Ice-box Square. Such a beating and stirring and bustling as one could ever wish to see.

At last there was a golden colored mixture ready. Then the old Heart Cake Cutter,



Gobbled up the Valentine

who had lived for many many years in a dark corner of Cupboard Street, only coming out on very special days, came quickly out of his corner, and such a valentine as he cut out! It was the exact shape of a heart, and as pretty a one as he had ever cut.

By this time kind Mrs. Stove, who had been listening with eager ears to all that was going on, became quite heated up over the affair, and offered her oven to help finish the valentine.

Pealey Knife was delighted with the valentine when it was done, but he said it simply had to have a verse on it to make it complete. So the little Spoon Children put their efforts together, and wrote this little verse:

“Oh Prongey Fork, wherever you stick,
Stick right by me, or come back quick! .
And though you think me cutting and keen,
Still do not fail to be my Queen.
I want you to think of me more and more;
Remember, Prongey, it's you I adore!”

This verse pleased Pealey Knife more than ever, and he sent the valentine posthaste to the dining room table, where Prongey was placed.

Some folks say it never reached her—that before she had a chance to read the little verse, a greedy boy gobbled up the valentine. But let us hope that is not true.

THE CHERRY TREE THAT NEVER GREW UP



A STORY FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Once a little Cherry Tree grew in a beautiful orchard in Virginia. It had once been a baby seed, dropped into the ground by baby fingers, and this is the story it used to tell the other trees around it.

“One day,” the little Cherry Tree began, “When I was a big red cherry—before I was a tree at all—I was lying on the ground, and

a little boy with golden curls and a smiling face came along. He picked me up and then, almost before I knew what had happened, he thrust me into a deep red cave. All the juicy part of me was eaten, and went down a long long tunnel, but the little boy took the seed, the only real living part of me, out of the red cave. He held me in his hand and looked at me. Then he sat down on the ground, and stuck me away down into the cool brown earth, with his chubby little fingers. He laughed, and then, hearing his father calling, he ran away and left me, forgotten, in the ground."

"And then what happened?" the other trees asked. They never tired of hearing the story of the little Cherry Tree.

“Well, I was very lonely,” the little Tree went on, “But good Mother Earth took care of me. The little leaves pitied me, and made me a patchwork quilt. King Winter brought a snow blanket and laid it over me, and the next spring, when the rains and sunshine came, I felt a queer feeling within me. I wanted to burst, and grow up into the light.

“After a long time I really did that. I pushed my way up and up through the cool earth, until, one day, I pushed my head right through the ground. And there I was in the sunshine once more.

“You all know the rest. I have been growing here ever since. I often wonder whether that little fellow who plays around here in the orchard is the little chap who stuck me

.

into the ground. I mean the one who plays Indian all day long, and whom the family calls 'George'."

And so the trees chatted and swayed, and grew, day after day, in that orchard in Virginia, while a little boy played and, like the trees in the orchard, he also grew and grew.

Now it happened that the boy's father came, from time to time, to see how his orchard grew. One day he noticed the little Cherry Tree. He saw that it was straight and beautiful, and he came to love it best of all the trees in the orchard. Sometimes he would bring the little boy to sit by its low branches. Here he would tell his little son George stories of great and brave men. And little George listened, and grew to love

his father's stories of brave and honest men who dared to do right.

One day the little cherry tree saw the lad coming into the orchard alone, swinging a bright new hatchet. The boy seemed to be looking around for something to chop, and before he really noticed what he was doing, or what tree it was that he was near, he started chopping at the little Cherry Tree. "Chip!" went the little hatchet, and "Chip!" again. "Chop!" sounded the strokes, and "Chop!" again, until the poor little Cherry Tree, quivering with fright and pain, lay on the ground.

Just then the boy's father came into the orchard.

"Who chopped my cherry tree?" he asked,



Cherry Tree, quivering with fright and pain, lay on the ground

so harshly that the little boy could scarcely believe that it was his kind father who was speaking.

“If I can find the rascal who did this,” said George’s father, “I will punish him so that he will never forget it!”

Little George was very much afraid, but he remembered the stories of brave men his father had told him, right on that very spot, and he remembered how his father had often said to him, “No matter what happens, be brave and always tell the truth.”

So George stood up bravely before his father, and said, “Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.”

George stood there with his eyes down, waiting for the punishment that his father

had said he would give to the one who had cut down the Cherry Tree. But instead of punishment, he felt his father's arms around him, and heard the kind voice he knew so well say:

“You are a brave lad to dare to tell the truth when it was not easy! It was wrong, very wrong, to cut down the poor little Cherry Tree, but your courage in confessing what you did means more to me than a dozen cherry trees.”

And so this is the story of the Little Cherry Tree that never grew up.



WHY ROBIN REDBREAST SINGS AT EASTER TIME



AN EASTER STORY

There is a beautiful legend translated from the Swedish which tells how, when the Lord created all things, the Robin was not given his red breast, but was told to earn it.

For thousands of years he and his babies, and the babies before them, tried in every way to earn red breasts. First they tried to redden their breasts with a glow of song,

but that did no good. Then they fought, trying to flame their breasts with the love of battle, but that did no good. Their breasts remained gray until they almost gave up, and were in despair of ever getting red breasts.

One day a Robin did win a red breast for himself, and for all the Robins that came after him.

On the day when Christ was crucified, far away in Palestine, a little Robin sat in sorrow on a hillside outside Jerusalem, and saw Jesus suffering on the cross. The Robin's little breast swelled with sadness when he saw the crown of thorns placed on Christ's brow, and finally the little bird was so filled with pity that, although he had

never before dared come near anyone, he flew round and round the cross until, at last, darting down, he pulled a thorn from the brow of the dying Christ. As Robin did this kind act the blood from the wound made by the thorn stained his breast so deeply that when he flew away his breast was a bright red. When at last he reached his nest Robin found that at last he had earned, for himself, and for all the Robins, the red breasts for which they had always longed. From that day to this the Robin has always been known as "Robin Redbreast."

So, by doing a kind deed, the Robin had been able to do what no other Robin had been able to do, either through courage in battle, or through song.

But this beautiful legend does not tell us what happened to the little Robin after he came to his nest, and this is the story of why Robin Redbreast sings at Easter time.

After the Robin returned to his tiny nest he wept and wept, yet why he was so sad his babies could not understand.

“Dear Father Redbreast,” said his little ones, “Why do you weep? See the beautiful red breast you have earned for all the robins. We love you so much that we cannot bear to see you unhappy.”

But Robin Redbreast only bowed his head lower, and sighed.

“Why do you weep, dear Robin?” asked his little wife. “I am so proud of your red breast. Do not weep, but sing for us again.”

But Robin only wept the more. For two nights and one day he sat in his nest and was sad. At last the morning of the third day dawned, and it was the Sabbath.

“Will you not be glad today?” asked his little wife. “Look! The sun is high in the heavens. The air is sweet with perfume. The brooks sing, and the sky smiles. Can you not be glad and sing?”

“Dear little wife,” said Robin, as he lifted up his head and looked at the beautiful sky. “I want you to be happy, although I do not think I can ever be happy again. You see, when I earned my red breast, I saw a sight which made me very sad. I saw the one they called Christ dying on the cross, and

all I could do was to pull out one thorn from His brow. I cannot help being sad, dear little wife, but I will fly away and try to get back a little of happiness, for I cannot bear to make you and the baby Robins suffer with me. I shall try to come back with a lighter heart, and perhaps even a song for you."

So, over the hillsides and valleys of Jerusalem flew Robin Redbreast. Though the sky was clear and the sun shone, and the brooks sang, Robin was heavy hearted. Somehow his little wings led him right back to the spot where he had seen Jesus buried. But when he reached the place, Lo! the stone was rolled away. And when Robin's little

black eyes pierced through the darkness, he saw Christ, in shining robes of whiteness, standing before him. At once the heavy sadness left Robin's breast, and forth from his tiny throat there poured a song, and such a song! It was a wonderful song of love and joy and cheer. Robin sang of life and victory. Even the angels heard the song, for it was a song of heaven itself.

Back to his tiny nest Robin flew, the song of joy still pouring from his throat. Mother Robin saw him coming, and chirped her joy. And the tiny babies chirped cheerfully to greet him. The little nest home was full of cheer.

“Robin is happy again! Robin is singing



*In shining robes of whiteness,
standing before him*

again!" sang Mother Robin, and all the little Robins chirped "Chee! Chee! Chee!"

"Rejoice and be glad, my loved ones!" sang Robin Redbreast. "The dear Christ is living. I am no longer sorrowful, for from death hath come life. From now on we Robins must welcome the glad Easter with song. We must sing of the bright flowers and budding trees. We must sing darkness away, and sing weariness away, and sing death itself away. Easter shall be the happiest time of the year for all the Robin Red-breasts."

And from that day to this, whenever Easter time is close at hand, the little Robins far and near gather to sing the glad

song of spring, and to tell in their song of how life comes forth in buds and flowers and leaves, as spring takes the place of winter.



THE STORY QUEEN MOON HEARD



A MEMORIAL DAY STORY

Once upon a time, upon a bright night, Queen Moon was taking a ride across the blue heavens. Beside her traveled the little Baby Star which she loved best of all, and following her were millions of little Stars, bearing her train of silver light.

As Queen Moon rode through the deep blue heavens, she looked for the most interesting thing she could find on the Earthland. At



Brave Men Fought for Their Flag

last she stopped, and with her stopped the Baby Star she loved best, and the million little Stars who bore her train of silver light.

“Look beneath us, dear Baby Star,” said Queen Moon. “What are those gleaming white stones we see on carpets of green? What do the flowers mean, in front of each white stone? I think I have never seen so many beautiful flowers.”

“Oh yes, you have, dear Queen,” answered the Baby Star, who, although a Baby Star, was thousands of years old. “You have forgotten. Don’t you remember that just about this time, every year, we look down on the northern places of that great country called the United States, and we see beautiful flowers grouped about the white stones on

the hillsides of green. It seems to me that the Breezes told us last year that it was because of something called 'Memorial Day'."

"I do remember," answered Queen Moon. "And to-night the air is so clear that perhaps if we listen we may hear more about what it all means."

So it happened that Queen Moon and the Baby Star, and the million little Stars who bore Queen Moon's train of silver light, heard this tale which Geranium told to her flower friends who had gathered together on the green hillside, beside the white stones.

"You ask me for a story, dear ones," said Geranium. "You ask me why we are gathered here to-night—why we have been taken

from our homes and kept so carefully, and then brought out here, where the dew will wash our faces, and the moon make us purer and sweeter than ever before. Listen, dear flowers, and I will tell you why.

“More than sixty years ago this country we love was going through a great and horrible war. How well I remember my great-grandmother Geranium telling me the stories she heard about it. There was fighting between the north part of the country and the south part of the country. Although we do not often think of it now, many brave men had to give up their lives for the cause of liberty and right. Brave men on both sides fought and died. And so, when liberty at last was won, the people honored those

who had fought and died, by agreeing that there should be a day, every month of May, when the places where the heroes were buried, should be made beautiful with flowers.”

Geranium paused for a moment, and then went on—

“So that is why all of us are here, our flower people, Mignonettes, Pansies, Roses, Sweet Peas, Nasturtiums, Peonies, and Heartsease. Should we not be glad to help carry out such a beautiful thought?”

“I am,” whispered a little blue-eyed flower. “I will open my eyes wide tomorrow, and look into the faces of all the people who come to pay honor to the heroes.”

“And we too shall smile into the faces of

all who pass," said the Roses, and all the other Flowers.

"My dears," said Geranium, "If we do our best to brighten the lives of the living, who come to honor the dead, we do our parts well. Now, let us close our eyes and sleep, so that in the morning we may awaken fresh and beautiful."

Up in the deep blue sky Queen Moon and the Star Baby, and the million little Stars who bore Queen Moon's train of silver light, moved slowly on, and softly faded from sight.

Soon King Sun came riding in majesty along the same path, and started his work of opening the eyes of the willing little flowers and ushering in another Memorial Day.

CORNFLOWER'S MESSAGE



A FOURTH OF JULY STORY

Once upon a time a great many flowers lived in a beautiful green field. There were the Daisies, dear little white-gowned children, wearing quaint yellow caps on their heads. There were hundreds of yellow Buttercups, nodding their curls in the sunlight. There were the Wild Grasses, in their many shades of green, and there were

the Cornflowers, wearing their dainty blue gowns.

There in the field they dwelt, in quiet and happiness, waving happily through the sunny days, and sleeping through the starry nights.

One morning they awoke to find that their quiet home was being upset. They heard a noise of tramping feet, and saw people carrying baskets. There was shouting and running and jumping.

“What is happening?” asked Daisy.

“It is a picnic,” answered Buttercup.

“Oh, then we must look pretty,” said Daisy. “The little children will want to play with us.”

Although Daisy looked very neat in her beautiful white dress, and Buttercup tossed

her golden curls saucily all day long, not a child came near to play with them, or pick them.

How badly they felt when they found out that the children did not want to play with them. Worst of all, some of them were even trampled under foot, and their peaceful home was turned into a regular battleground. The air smelled of smoke, and was full of loud noises. Toward evening, when the children started to go home, the flowers saw that many of the little boys and girls were hurt and crying.

“This is surely a queer sort of holiday,” said Cornflower. “Will you tell me who all these foreign looking red creatures are that the people have thrown among us. They

look like red Chinamen with their long pig-tails, and they are lying all over our field. What a noise they made, like little claps of thunder. Who are these funny creatures?"

No flower could answer her question, until Red Clover saw one little red fellow lying right near her, and asked the red stranger what it was all about.

"Little red man, tell me who you are, and why did the little boys and girls bring you and your brothers here today?"

It was a tired voice that answered her. "We are the Firecracker family. My name is Noisy. The American people celebrate their Fourth of July with us. They use us by the millions, and, worst of all, many folks let the little children play with us, and many



Reading the Declaration

of my brothers are very dangerous, and they hurt and burn the little boys and girls. Don't you think that is a queer way to celebrate a holiday?"

"It is, indeed," answered Red Clover. "It is a queer way for them to celebrate the day when their great-great-grandfathers signed the Declaration of Independence, which made all Americans free."

Here Cornflower spoke up. "The trouble is," she said, "that they have the wrong idea of independence. They think freedom means that they may do anything they please, but true liberty really means that each one may do anything he or she pleases, if it doesn't hurt anyone. Let me tell you, dear Flowers, what I think we can do. Let



We are the Firecracker family

us try to teach these people the real meaning of freedom—the happiness and joy of being gentle and thoughtful of others, and being careful not to do anything which might hurt anybody, not even one's self.

“Have you ever thought that we flowers have different colors, and that between us we have colors enough to form a beautiful American flag, which we can spread ever so

gayly over our field? Then people may notice our gentle way of celebrating the Fourth of July, and start to copy it. If you will all do your part, we will send them a message about a safe and sane Fourth of July for next year—a Fourth of July when there will be beauty and quiet instead of noise and danger.”

“We will be glad to do our part,” said all the Flowers.

“Very well,” said Cornflower, “I’ll give my blue for the corner of the flag. And the Cloverblossoms will give their red for the stripes of red, and the Daisies will give their white for the stripes of white, and also for the stars in the blue corner of the flag. Then, when it is all ready, the breezes will help

us wave our beautiful flower flag so gayly that the people must see and understand our message. All the breezes will carry it to their hearts, and when they do understand, what a beautiful Fourth of July everybody will have!"



JENNY PUMPKIN AND THE BLACK WITCH



A STORY FOR HALLOWE'EN

Once upon a time there lived, in Fieldtown, many little creatures who wanted, more than anything else, to have a good time. They were the Pumpkin children, and their Grandmother Pumpkin had told them, when they had been tiny babies, how many of their ancestors, on a certain day of the year, are made into lamps that looked like

human faces, and are put up on poles, on mantel pieces, and tables, and had smiled down on boys and girls and had made believe to frighten them, just for fun. So the Pumpkin Children, from the very day that they were born on the Pumpkin Vine, had wanted more than anything else in the world to be the ones who would be chosen for the great time of Hallowe'en. So all the little Pumpkin children in Fieldtown hid away, under their vine houses, until the great time of Hallowe'en should come.

Jenny Pumpkin wanted to be a Hallowe'en pumpkin more than any of the rest of the Pumpkin Children. Imagine how delighted she was when, one morning, she and some of



Carried to a big beautiful schoolroom

her little Pumpkin friends were taken from their homes, together with Sammy Field Corn, and carried to a big, beautiful schoolroom. Here they met a number of the Chestnut Family, who had come in from the mountains to help give the children a good time.

“This is fine!” called Jenny Pumpkin. “I am so glad I don’t have to be made into a

pumpkin pie! Just wait until I get eyes and a nose! I'll glare at you then!"

"Well! You don't need to feel so big," said Sammy Field Corn. "Wait until we get our green coats off, and have our yellow hair pulled back. We'll grin like alligators!"

Then, when the great evening arrived, Jenny Pumpkin had a wonderful face, all smiling and big-eyed. And Sammy Field Corn hung high up on the wall over the pictures, showing his rows and rows of yellow teeth. The little Chestnuts, in from the forests, hopped up and down for joy, in their brown coats and prickly overcoats. For it was Hallowe'en!

In the afternoon the boys and girls had had their Hallowe'en party, and, when the

shadows began to deepen, they went home, leaving the Hallowe'en Field Children by themselves in the dark schoolhouse.

That was the time for fun. The Hallowe'en Field children filled the school house with noise, until all the million little Stars, and the jolly round faced Moon peeped in through the windows, to see what was going on. This is what they saw:

Jenny Pumpkin was sitting on the piano, speaking a piece, just like a real girl. This was the piece she was speaking:

“’Tis Hallowe'en, but where's the Witch, yes where?

I really don't believe that witches fly to-night in air.

Now do you?

I say again, I don't believe it's true.”

All the little Chestnuts clapped and clapped when she finished, and Sammy Field Corn and his brothers laughed so hard that their yellow hair fell over their teeth. Just then something happened!

A great black thing appeared, and trailed her long black garments slowly over the floor! The little Field Children huddled down in their corners, they were so afraid that they could scarcely speak.

“A witch!” shrieked Sammy Field Corn.

“A witch!” echoed his brothers.

“A black witch!” cried a little brown Chestnut.

“A black witch!” echoed his little brown brothers, and they wrapped their prickly overcoats closer about themselves.

“A real live black witch!” stammered Jenny Pumpkin.

“A real live black witch!” echoed all the Pumpkin Children, from the dark corners of the room.

Then they all huddled down, and were as quiet as mice, while the great black creature slowly crossed the school-room floor. As she went, her black body grew longer and longer, until it reached almost across the room. She did not stop until she came to a jug of sweet cider which the boys and girls had left on the window-sill. Then, as slowly as she had crossed the floor, she went back, growing smaller and smaller all the time, until at last she quite disappeared.

“Oh dear!” breathed Jenny Pumpkin, with

a sigh of relief, "do you think she might come back?"

"She took a drink of the children's cider," said Sammy Field Corn. "I saw her from where I sat on the pictures."

All through the long night the Field Children quivered and quaked, as they talked in whispers of the "Witch."

At last morning came. The sun peeped in at the schoolhouse windows. The little birds began to sing, and the children came back, singing and laughing. Not until then did Jenny Pumpkin dare to sit up straight on the piano, and not until then did the Field Corn boys straighten out their long yellow silky hair.

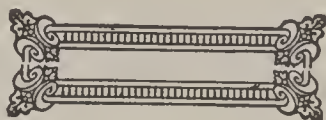
Up in the heavens the round faced jolly

old moon laughed to himself as he sank down behind the hills.

“Jenny Pumpkin was getting too smart,” he said to himself. “I thought a scare might do her good. At any rate, Hallowe’en is not perfect without a witch, and when it’s dark, and when folks are foolish enough to be half afraid anyway, my Shadow Man makes a pretty good witch.”



THE PRINCE OF THE KINGDOM OF THANKFUL



A STORY FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Once there was a very unhappy little boy. He was unhappy simply because he was just an ordinary boy, just like the boys we see every day, who lived in an ordinary street, just like many streets, in a home-like house, just like many houses.

The boy had to admit that his father and his mother were kind to him, but they, too,

were just home-like people, such as you meet every day. His brothers and sisters were the best kind of playmates for him, but they were like all the other children with whom he played. They, too, were home-like.

The unhappy little boy was quite discontented, and longed to know someone who was “different” as he said.

“How thankful I should be for a wonderful new friend!” he sighed.

Now this spirit of discontent had been born in the boy while his mother read fairy tales to him, as they sat by their warm fire on cold winter evenings. John (for that was the name of the unhappy little boy) grew more and more eager to know people who were like those in the fairy books—real

princes, perhaps, who lived in marvelous castles by the sea.

“The princes of the fairy stories—THEY must be so happy and thankful,” he said to himself, “because they live in such wonderful places and have such unusual things happen to them.”

All this was why, one night, when a beautiful fairy came to him in a dream-boat, he decided to go with her.

“Come, John,” said the beautiful fairy to the boy, “we will sail away to the Kingdom of Thankful. It is a marvelous land, and there you shall find a Prince. Perhaps you may even make him your friend.”

John was very glad to start on this journey. His pulse beat quick and his eyes glowed.

At last he was to find a Prince who lived in a wonderful palace beside the sea; a Prince, no doubt, with fine clothes and many servants.

While he was thinking about how fine this would be, the dream-boat drew up along the shores of the Kingdom of Thankful.

John looked about him as he stepped on the sands of the shore. The roads looked just the same as the roads at home; some of them were smooth and some were stony. The skies were just the same as the skies at home; in places they were blue, and in other places they were cloudy. The trees, too, were like the trees he had always seen; some were full of blossoms, while others were just bare. The meadows were just ordinary



"Come John," said the Beautiful Fairy to the boy.

meadows, too; most of them were green, but here and there, John noticed there were dry yellow fields where no living thing grew. In fact, all the country looked quite "ordinary."

As John journeyed further into the land, he found that the people were just like the people at home. Some of them were red cheeked, and bright eyed, while others were thin and pale and sickly. Some wore fine clothes, and others wore clothes which were patched and ragged. The only difference between the people here, and the people at home was that here everyone wore a thankful, happy look. As John noticed this, he tried to hide behind the skirts of the beautiful Fairy, so that none of these happy ones should see his unhappy face.

At last John asked the Fairy the reason for the happiness of these people. "Why are all the faces so bright in this kingdom? I see nothing here over which to be so happy."

And the Fairy answered, "They are happy, my boy, because they have found that for which they searched. But now, John, you must find the Prince of this kingdom."

"How shall I know him?" asked the boy.

"You must hunt alone until you find him. When you have found him you will know him."

So the boy started on his search. He wandered up and down, here and there, over mountains and valleys, all over the entire kingdom. He met many whom he thought might be the Prince, for they wore fine

clothes, and looked very princely. But each time that he asked the question, "Are you the Prince of the Kingdom of Thankful?" he received the same answer, "You must find some one else. I am not worthy of that great title."

At last, when John had almost given up his search for the Prince of the Kingdom of Thankful, he came to a lowly cottage. There was only one room in the cottage, and a bed and a table and a fireplace were the only things in that room. There was no mother there, nor any father there, only a boy of twelve, and his old blind Aunt.

John stopped, and looked with pity at the boy in the poor cottage, for he saw that the lad was lame. He noticed with wonder that

the lame boy's face shone with joy and happiness! John could scarcely believe his eyes!

"What have you to make you so happy?" John asked him.

"Why shouldn't I be happy?" replied the lame boy, with the most beautiful and happiest smile in the world, "I am thankful that I have something to eat when I am hungry, a cot to lie on at night when I am tired, a fire to keep me warm when the cold winds blow, and, best of all, a good kind Aunt! I am thankful that she can walk about, when I cannot, and that she can in this way be my legs for me, and that I can be her eyes, when her own eyes are too dim to see things clearly. Then I am thankful that God lets

the birds sing for me, and the flowers smile at me. I am thankful that I have eyes to see them. I am thankful that God has given me playmates—the rabbits that run about my door, and field mice that come running through the cracks in the wall, and squirrels that run over our roof. With all these things, I have a wonderful kingdom—why shouldn't I be happy and thankful?"

John looked at the lad in wonder, and, as he looked, suddenly he saw that there was a golden crown upon the lame boy's head!

When John saw this, he understood at last that he was in the presence of the real Prince of the Kingdom of Thankful. He understood then why the little lame boy had been made the Prince. And John grew very,

very much ashamed of himself. He wanted to go right back home to his mother and father and sisters and brothers, in the town he had thought so common and ordinary. He knew that he was not worthy to play with the Prince he now had found, because he had never been thankful at all when he had so much more to be thankful for than the Prince had ever had. As he longed for the ones he loved, and for the home he was beginning to love, a wonderful feeling of thankfulness went over John; and deep, deep into his heart. He was so thankful for all of them—for his good mother, and his kind father, and his merry sisters and brothers—all those ordinary people who were his very very own. And when he thought about

how he had never before been thankful, but had always been discontented and unhappy, he was so ashamed that he stood with his eyes on the ground.

It was then that John heard the Prince speak to him. "I see," said the Prince, in the most wonderful, gentlest voice in the world, "I see that you are ready to become a dweller in my kingdom. Will you stop and play with me for awhile?"

When John looked up, with thankful eyes, everything about the lame lad was changed. The Prince was clothed in shining garments, and there behind him, instead of the poor cottage, was a wonderful castle, and inside the castle the Prince's kind old Aunt looked like a beautiful queen. Suddenly John knew

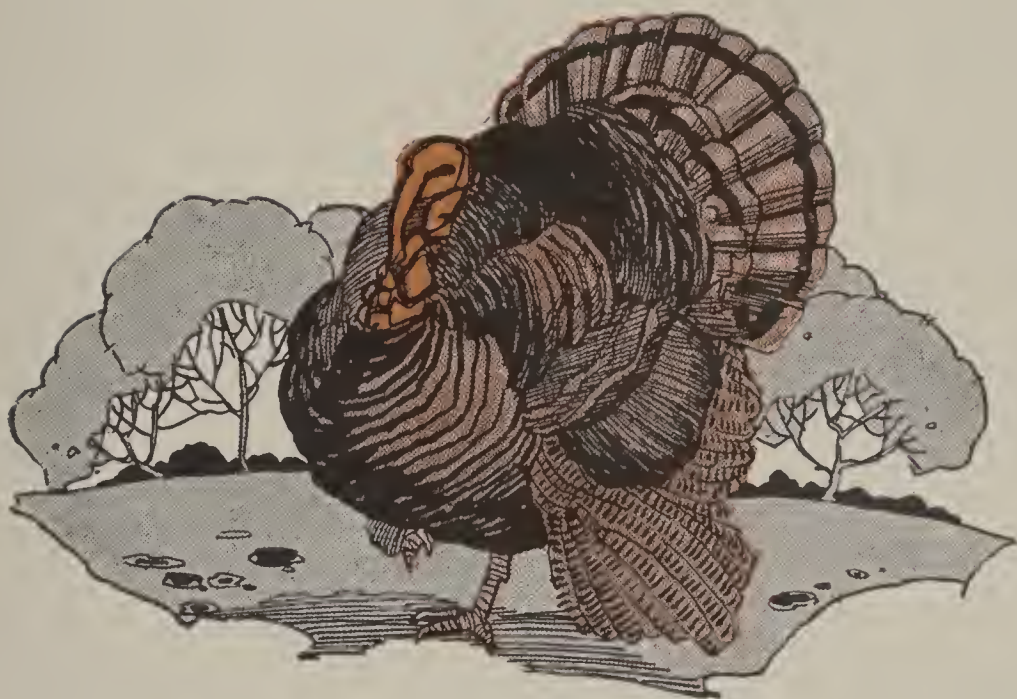


The Prince was clothed in shining garments

that it was the love and thankfulness which had come into his own heart that had made all these things seem as beautiful to him as they did to the Prince of the Kingdom of Thankful. John also knew that never again would any of his own people, or anything in his life, seem common or ordinary to him.



STRUTTY GOBBLER



A THANKSGIVING STORY

Once upon a time a great many turkeys lived in Barnyard Village. There were mother turkeys and father turkeys, and little baby turkeys, all eating their food together, and drinking at the same tin pan fountain.

Now, among these turkeys, lived Strutty Gobbler. Strutty was so proud that he would scarcely look at the other turkeys in the barnyard. He strutted and gobbled and gobbled and strutted, up and down Barnyard Village, keeping close to the fence so that his feathers and his gobble and his strut could be admired by the people who came every day to see the turkeys.

“Come away from that fence, Strutty,” his mother, who was an old and sensible turkey hen, would say. “It’s never a good plan to make people look at you too much. Don’t you want to live to a good old age?”

“Why, of course I do, Mother,” said Strutty. “And of course I will. Just see how big and strong and healthy I am!”

“My dear son,” said his mother, “I have lived longer than you have. I know the world. If you want to live long and happily in Barnyard Village, you must not be seen too much. It’s a bad habit, this wanting to be admired, a very bad habit indeed. You must learn not to show off in front of those bigger and higher up in the world than you are.”

“Nonsense,” answered Strutty. “These common ordinary turkeys don’t appreciate me, but those fine men and women and children outside the fence think I am a wonderful fellow. The bigger and fatter and healthier I look, the more they admire me, and the more I gobble and strut, the more they smile. That is why I eat corn and lie

in the sun and sleep, and try to be as handsome as possible. Then, when I see people coming, I strut and gobble, until they smile and look at each other, and say, 'What a fine bird! What a fine bird!'"

So, no matter how much his mother pleaded, and no matter how much his aunts and uncles talked, Strutty kept on showing off whenever people from the farm-house came down to Barnyard Village.

At last the summer was over, and autumn came, with its falling leaves and whispering breezes. The leaves and the breezes felt sorry for Strutty, and tried to warn him. "Be careful, Strutty!" they would say. "Keep in the background!"



What a Fine Bird

One day, a few small snowflakes came skipping through the air.

“Be careful, Strutty!” the Snowflakes whispered. “Thanksgiving day is nearly here.”

“Why should I be careful because Thanksgiving day is coming?” asked Strutty.

“Because Thanksgiving is the day when the fine people may want you, Strutty. They may take away your fine feathers and your gobble and strut,” answered the Snowflakes. His mother, and his aunts and cousins had told him the same thing.

“Nonsense,” answered Strutty, who by this time was so proud of his fine looks, because of the admiration he had received from the farm house people, that there was no room in his little body for common sense. “They

may want me for their feast, to decorate their table, but they would never take away my fine feathers and my noble strut. They admire me far too much for that.”

Alas for vain Strutty! Thanksgiving Day dawned on Barnyard Village, much as other days had dawned, but there was no proud Strutty there to gobble his welcome to the dawn of the great day. His poor mother and sisters, who had grown thin worrying over him, were there, but scattered around Barnyard Village were the feathers which had been Strutty's pride.

As for Strutty himself? In a long dining room of the sunny farm house was gathered a large family. At the head of the table sat Father, at the foot of the table sat Mother,

and on each side were children and grandchildren.

On top of the table, in the most conspicuous place of all, was Strutty, upside down and without his fine feathers, and with his gobble gone forever. He was fat and brown and bulging with wonderful filling. All the children cried, "What a beautiful turkey!"

This time vain Strutty could not show how much he liked their admiration. He could no longer flash his eye and shake his fine feathers.



HOW THE GNOMES TRIED TO STOP THANKSGIVING



A THANKSGIVING STORY

It was almost Thanksgiving, and all the little Gnomes who dwelt in the Castle of Selfishness disliked Thanksgiving. When the leaves fluttered down from the trees and tumbled cheerfully over the ground, these Gnomes sighed, because they knew then that Thanksgiving was coming. When North Wind came peeping around the north-west corner of the Hills, whistling "I'll beat

any fellow a race down the valley!" the Gnomes shivered, for then they were sure Thanksgiving was coming. When a few white-clad little snow children came hurrying and scurrying from the grey-black house of Mother Cloud up in Skyland, the Gnomes wept, because they knew then that Thanksgiving must be very very near. And they all hated Thanksgiving!

"I do wish we were not American Gnomes!" they grumbled. "If we were not American Gnomes we would not have to put up with this Thanksgiving business. It's a direct insult to King Self, our ruler."

"Perhaps we can do something to spoil it," said Gnome Discontent. "I have a plan! Let's send a few busy Gnomes to and fro

over the earth, and have them find one thousand unthankful people, and get them to help us spoil Thanksgiving. If as many as one thousand unthankful boys and girls work with us, it will be impossible to have another Thanksgiving in America.”

“I agree,” said Gnome Envy. “But I think we had better send only one, and I think the best one would be Gnome Thankless-Heart. He can find unthankful souls if anyone can.”

All the Gnomes thought the plan was so good that they sent Gnomes Envy and Discontent to King Self, who was seated on his throne in the Castle of Selfishness, which was built by the side of the black river called “Never-Consider-the-Other-Fellow.”



"A very excellent idea"

"A very excellent idea!" exclaimed King Self, rubbing his hands together. "Most excellent indeed! If Thankless-Heart can find one thousand thankless boys and girls, with their aid we can strike Thanksgiving a great blow!"

So Gnome Thankless-Heart started out. He traveled miles and miles through the dark cold nights, and always, as he went, he called to the little Nature Folk about him for help.

“Come, little Leaves,” he cried. “Help me to find a thousand boys and girls. They must be boys and girls who are thinking so much about themselves that they will forget to be thankful.”

The little Leaves said “Oh no! We are too busy being happy.”

Then he called to North Wind, “Come, North Wind, help me find a thousand boys and girls who are thinking so much about themselves that they cannot be thankful.”

North Wind only laughed a blustery kind

of laugh, and said "O'ho! Not I, sir! I am running a race tonight with Jack Frost. I'm far too busy, even if I wanted to help you on such an evil errand."

Then Thankless-Heart called to the little Snow-flakes, but they, too, only danced on their way and refused to help. "Not we!" they said. "Unselfish, thankful children are the only kind we ever play with!"

So Gnome Thankless-Heart saw that he would have to do all the work himself.

He decided to try the poor children first. "For," said he, "they have nothing for which to be thankful. "They haven't good clothes, pretty homes, or fine food. I can soon gather together a thousand poor children who are unthankful."



He decided to try the poor children first

But although he crept into home after home, and sometimes found some little chap who thought he was not as well blest as the rest, he could find only ten poor little children who were unthankful. As he crept away, discouraged, he heard merry voices singing:

“We live and we love;
We have food, and fresh air.
Though we haven’t fine clothes,
We really don’t care.”

“They’re a queer lot,” grumbled Thankless-Heart. “I suppose it is because they are so healthy. I’ll try the little sick children next, and the children who are lame or blind.”

So he crept into all the hospitals, into one

little bed after another, and tried his best to find thankless boys and girls, but after days and days of hard work he had only ten more boys and girls toward making up his list of one thousand. As he crept away from the homes of the sick and the lame and the blind, he heard the voices of the sick children singing:

“Why should we unthankful be?

We have many friends, you see.”

“Well, well, well!” said Gnome Thankless-Heart. “This IS tiresome work! I have no one left to try but those who have everything, and what’s the use of trying them? If the poor and the sick and the lame and the blind are happy and thankful, and unselfish, I’m

sure the rich must be too. I'm afraid I'll have to give up!"

So over the hills, back home he went, and silently he crept into the Castle of Selfishness. He was not at all anxious to be seen, but Gnome Discord, who was always sneaking about and looking around to see if he could find trouble, or make trouble, soon espied Thankless-Heart.

"What luck?" asked Gnome Discord.

Gnome Thankless-Heart hung his head.

All the Gnomes, who had crowded about, guessed that he had failed, and they began to dance up and down with rage and disappointment. "You don't mean to tell us that we'll have to have another Thanksgiving

in America!" shouted the Gnomes, when they heard his story. "You surely found a thousand boys and girls who were selfish and unthankful.

"I found only twenty!" said Thankless-Heart, faintly. "And you fellows could have done no better. They are a queer lot, those boys and girls. They are thankful for the slightest things. I tried every poor home and hospital in all the land."

"How about the rich children?" questioned the Gnomes.

"Well, I believe I couldn't have found nearly as many there. I looked through the windows of the rich children's homes as I passed by, and such games, and pretty

clothes, and fine food as I saw! Why, they must be the most thankful children in the world!”

Discontent smiled unpleasantly, Discord shrugged his shoulders, and one and all of the Gnomes looked at each other crossly.

“He might have found more had he stopped in just those places he passed by,” they said.

“I don’t believe it!” Gnome Thankless-Heart snapped back. “At any rate, it’s too late to go back. It is just twelve o’clock, Thanksgiving eve—and I’m sleepy and tired out. I’m going to wrap myself in my blanket of Complaint, or I’ll be wanting a turkey bone myself! One thousand thankless children, indeed!”

THE STAR ANGEL



A CHRISTMAS STORY

Long, long ago all the twinkling Stars of Skyland were having a holiday. It was a beautiful night, so bright that one of the tiniest stars thought that he had made a mistake, and that he had come out in the daytime. As he looked about him he saw Mother Moon on her throne, smiling a happy smile, and then he knew it was really night, and that he had made no mistake.

All the stars were twinkling merrily. In all Skyland there could not be found one unhappy star.

“This is a wonderful night,” said Venus, the brightest star of all. “The most wonderful night I have ever seen. Look down upon Judea’s hills. Do you see the loving shepherds keeping watch over their flocks? Then look toward the east, and notice that strange moving caravan. I think they are wise men from the East. Do you see how they seem to be looking up into our own Skyland? The very air to-night seems full of mystery.”

“I feel exactly as if something were going to happen,” said little Brightpoints.

“So do I,” said Merry Twinkler, “and it

must be something very wonderful, for I feel like singing all the time.”

Suddenly Mother Moon leaned far over and gazed into the east.

“Look, Children, am I right? I seem to see the most beautiful star I have ever seen. It is coming out of the east, a strange star, I think, which has never come before to the blue meadows of Skyland. It seems to me I see all the sky fairies in their cloud chariots moving back to make room for her.”

The little stars looked toward the east. It was indeed true. There they saw a most beautiful Star, shining like a great diamond. On, on the Star came, with thousands of little star followers in her train.

“Who can she be?” asked Mother Moon. “She is far, far brighter even than our Venus. She is brighter than all of us shining ones put together. Who can she be?”

Breathlessly the little Stars watched from their sky homes. They saw the Wise Men hurrying across the desert, their eyes always upon the wonderful star, their path always following where she lead. On, on the Star came, until she reached a spot from which she could look directly down upon the hill-sides of Judea, where the gentle shepherds were watching their sleeping flocks. There, in the midst of the many, many twinkling stars, she stood still, and with her bright beams pointed directly below her.

“Who are you, beautiful stranger,” mur-



"I am God's Star Angel"

mured all the little twinkling Stars and fixed Stars, and Mother Moon and the Sky Fairies added, "And why have you come to visit us?"

"I am indeed a stranger," said the beautiful one, "I am God's Star Angel."

“A star angel!” said the little Stars. “How wonderful! Why did you hurry across the sky, and then so suddenly stop, and point downward to the shepherds and to the sleeping town nearby? We see only what we see every night—the sleeping fathers and mothers and babies, and the gentle shepherds watching their flocks.”

“It is because you do not have the eyes of faith,” replied the Star Angel. “I will pray to God to give the eyes of faith to you for a moment, so that you may see as I see.”

Suddenly the little Stars felt a wonderful peace come to them, a peace that passed all their understanding. Mother Moon in awe covered her face with her cloud mantle.

Then the Stars saw a stable, bare and rude,



In a bed of hay, lay a baby

and with their new and keener sight they were able to see right inside. There, among the cattle, in a bed of hay, lay a baby—the most wonderful and blessed baby that ever was born on earth. Never had the Stars, in all their long night watches, stood guard over such a one! For the whole world was to worship as its Heavenly Prince the little babe that now lay with smiling face on its bed of hay in the lowly stable.

“It is enough,” said Mother Moon. “God has been very good to us this holy night.”

No sooner had she spoken than down through Skyland came the sound of rustling wings. The little Stars saw a host of angels, with beautiful gauzy wings, which were never before seen either on earth or in the

blue meadows of the sky. The watching shepherds, too, gazed in breathless wonder as these winged angels filled the air with music, and these were the words they sang: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

Then one bright-winged angel told the shepherds the wonderful story of a new born king, which was Christ the Lord.

As the song ended, the shining angels rose into the great beyond, guided by the blazing star. Once again Mother Moon and all the million Baby Stars were left alone in the meadows of Skyland.

Down below, on the earth, the people slept on. The sheep were still on the hillsides, although some of the shepherds were now

finding their way to the tiny stable to worship the new king of whom the angels had sung. Outside the stable door the Wise Men left the camels on which they had come from far distant countries in the east, after they had taken from the camels' backs the precious gifts which they had brought to give to the Holy Babe.

“Good night, children,” said Mother Moon to the Stars, as the first light of the dawn appeared. “We will never again have such a night as this, for we have seen the Baby King of Kings, and have helped to celebrate the First Christmas.”



THE STORY OF BABY GRETEL



A CHRISTMAS STORY

Baby Gretel was just a little wooden doll made in Dollland. She really could not remember the first part of her life; all she could remember was that she was “modeled,” that was it—she had just been “made.”

One day one of the workmen brought his

little girl to the doll factory to see the dolls before they were sent away. As soon as Baby Gretel caught a glimpse of the round little face of the little girl, a great longing came into the doll's heart. She knew she could love that little girl. "I wish she could be my mother," Baby Gretel, the doll, said.

The little girl soon went away, and not long after Baby Gretel was packed in a box and sent away with thousands of other dolls. She did not know where she was going, but she traveled on and on, as she lay in the hold of the boat she knew that she must be crossing an ocean, for she could hear the waves beating against the steel sides of the boat, and she could feel the motion as the ship rolled and pitched on the water. As Baby

Gretel traveled she dreamed of the face of the little foreign girl she had loved.

One day Baby Gretel was awakened by a great noise and clatter. The ship had stopped; then the noise of the machinery of the boat was quiet; they had reached the other side of the ocean. The box Baby Gretel was packed in was lifted out of the hold of the ship, and was hauled away to a storehouse, and afterwards to a great store, where the box was unpacked, and where Baby Gretel was placed on a counter, to be sold.

Strange people who came into the store looked at her, and handled her, and talked about her. She found herself on the counter together with many other strange dolls, French and Dutch and Japanese and Ameri-



No doll could understand the language of the others

can dolls. There was quite a clatter all around when the different dolls started talking, as no doll could understand the language of the others.

Baby Gretel listened carefully to the talk of the people who came in to see the dolls, and to the conversation of the other dolls, and at last she understood that she was in

America, and that it was almost Christmas time.

One day a great clatter arose in the doll section of the store. One of the dolls had overheard that there was a great and terrible war being waged in the lands from which they had come.

“Dear me, we should be very glad that we are in America!” one of the dolls exclaimed.

While Baby Gretel was still thinking about this, a dear little American girl came to the doll counter, and picked her up, and at once Baby Gretel loved this little American girl almost as much as she had loved the little foreign girl.

“I want this dolly, Mother,” said the little American girl, as she looked at Baby Gretel,

and petted and cuddled her in her arms. "I'd like to send this dolly to some little girl over there in the war land. See, the dolly is marked Made in Dollland! I'm sorry for the little foreign girls, because they have to get along with so little, and haven't any money to buy dollies with."

So the little girl's mother bought Baby Gretel, and for days and weeks the little girl played with the doll and sewed dresses for her. While Baby Gretel lived in the little girl's home Christmas time came, and the doll heard all about the wonderful Christ Child who came to the earth on the first Christmas day, to comfort the sorrowing, and to bring love into people's lives, instead of misery.



The little girl played with the doll

Then came the parting. With many kisses, and a few tears, the doll was packed in a box, with a cheery Christmas note of love, and started on her way to a little girl whose home had been made sorrowful by the great war.

So Baby Gretel traveled back again, over the deep waters. And when she reached the end of her journey, she saw a land very different from America. The big factories were not filled with busy industry; the children did not sing and dance happily. This made Baby Gretel sorrowful, until the day when she was given to a sad-eyed little girl. As Baby Gretel looked up into the face of her new little mistress, the doll saw at once that it was the changed face of the little friend

she had only seen once, but whom she had never forgotten—the blue-eyed, golden-braided little girl of her own country.

“My dearest!” the little girl sobbed, “I am so happy to have you!” She clasped the doll close to her. “This war has been so terrible!” she sighed.

As Baby Gretel lay in the arms of her dear new-found mother, the doll tried to give the little foreign girl the message of the Christmas time, which she had learned in her American home, and tried to tell the little girl whom war had saddened the message of “Peace on earth, good will to men.”



THE THREE BELLS



A NEW YEAR STORY

Once upon a time three Bells lived in a high steeple. They loved their quiet home beneath the clear blue sky. It was restful up there; no hurrying, no scurrying, no rushing about. Through all the week they did nothing but look at the beautiful sky, and rest.

On the Sabbath day they worked. Joyfully and lovingly they worked, calling the people to service. When the sun would

come up over the hills, they would ring out this message: "Sabbath day! Sabbath day! Come to church!"

They rang so clearly that for miles around the people heard, and stopped their hurrying, or thinking about schools and offices, work and money, and said "It is the Sabbath. Let us go and worship."

Then, after the bells had given their message of the Sabbath morning, they would be quiet until the vesper hour, when they would send another invitation over hill and valley: "Day is done. Come to church and thank God for this day, this day of rest and peace." And once more the people, hearing, would obey, and be blessed.

So the three Bells lived, happy in their

work of calling the people to church on the Sabbath.

But, one day, one of the bells became discontented.

“I don’t want to work!” he said. “I don’t like to live up here, away from the world. I am tired of the way I live, and the way I have to work!”

“Be careful,” answered one of his companions. “I dare not let my clapped tongue say such things. It might spoil the sweetness of my tone.”

“Don’t complain,” said the third Bell. “I rest well, and never complain, so that my tones shall always be clear and loud and strong.”

But the third bell sighed all the more.

“Nothing to do! Nothing to look at but the sky!”



Calling the people to church on the Sabbath

“You will spoil your sweetness,” said his brothers, “if you complain so much.”

"I don't want sweetness. There is no one to care anyhow."

"Give your sweetness to the people," answered his brothers. "They will care."

"People!" the discontented Bell replied. "Why should I give sweetness to the people?"

Now the weather grew colder and colder, and soon the snowflakes whirled around the belfry, telling of Christmas and the New Year.

"Brother," said the two happy Bells to the discontented, unhappy Bell. "If you try you can start a fresh New Year, with your tones sweet and clear. Then you will do a great deal of good."

"What good will a New Year do me," growled the unhappy Bell. "I'll have to

hang forever in this old tower. New Year, indeed!”

“We should all ring together,” said his brothers to him.

“Not I! I for one shall not ring,” answered the discontented Bell. “I am tired of ringing. I shall not ring! I shall not ring!”

Then the New Year’s morning dawned. The snow glistened and the ice glittered like diamonds on the belfry tower. The two good bells awoke with happy hearts.

“It’s New Year!” they cried. “And we must ring!” And gladly, joyfully, over the hills and valleys, rang out the Bells’ message of a glad New Year.

The third Bell was silent. “I shall not ring! I shall not ring!”

That night a great wind arose. It swung the Bells to and fro in their home in the belfry. From the two happy Bells came a beautiful song of joy in the New Year. Out over the countryside the wind carried their message through the night, and the people awoke from their sleep, and rejoiced to hear the voice of the Bells.

The third Bell was silent, for as the wind had blown the Bells to and fro, he had refused to ring, and the wind had blown his clapper tongue out of his mouth!

From that day to this the unwilling Bell has never been able to ring out a single sound. Up there in the old belfry he hangs, useless and forlorn. His coat is rusty, and it is now said that soon he is going to be

taken from his place, and sold for old iron.

The two willing Bells ring in the New Year every glad season, and on Sabbath days they still call the people over the hills and valleys, to leave their homes and come to worship.







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